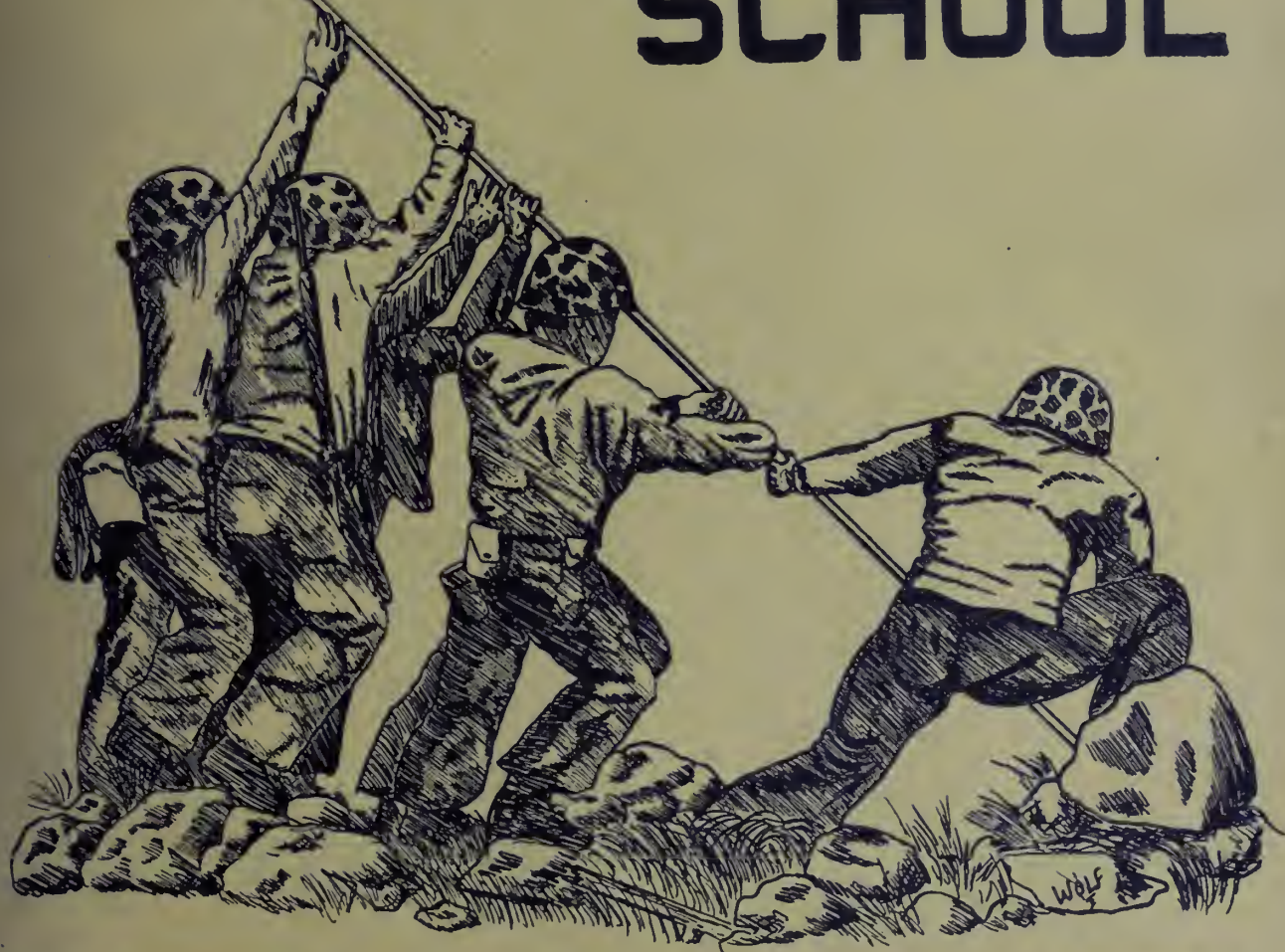


LATIN SCHOOL



REGISTER

Vol. LXIV

APRIL 1945

No. 5

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Contents

FEATURE STORY		Page
No mystery exists which cannot be solved by.....	The Trio	6
EDITORIALS		9
SHORT STORIES AND OTHER PROSE:		
The Middle Ages are brought up-to-date in.....	Sir McGawain and the Knights of the Table Square	11
Few men lead such exciting lives as.....	Harry	13
The motive for revolution lies in.....	The Pharaoh's Tomb	15
It took an American newsman to discover.....	Sabotage	17
What has the human race gained through all its knowledge.	Cogitata Inania	30
It Did Happen Here		21
VERSE		
Conversation		12
Cold Winter, Adieu		19
This Is What You Did		19
The Dying Soldier		26
A Lifetime		31
FEATURES		
Our Lords and Masters		20
Sports		23
Something of Interest		25
Over There		29
R. R. R.		32



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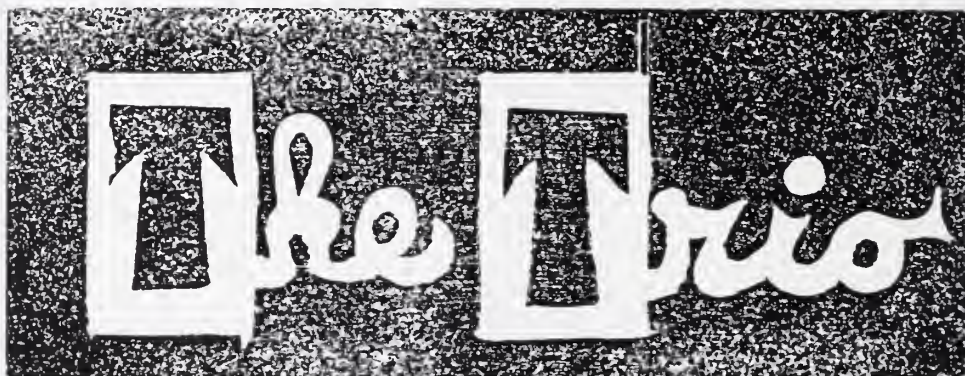
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Dedication

There are times when mere words cannot express a writer's thoughts. There are times when so many words are being written on one subject that it seems vain to add more. At this moment in world history we are undergoing such a period. We realize that nothing we do can alleviate the sorrow of these days, but through respect for his life and sincere sorrow at his death, we humbly dedicate this issue of our magazine to the memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, world statesman and thirty-second President of the United States.



1882-1945



By R. L. SIDMAN

"By the way, Manfred, where did you say we are going?"

The one called Manfred turned to his companion. "I didn't say, but since you are so curious, I will tell you now. While buying some chemicals for our friend, Moissan, I met a Mr. Birn, manager of a large mail-order company. He had knowledge of chemistry, and we enjoyed a discussion of certain radioactive substances. However, I was more interested by the pointed lobes of his ears than by his chemistry. As you know, Doctor Stedland has written a superb treatise on the large percentage of men in our insane asylums with pointed ear lobes. The man seemed unusually nervous, especially when I happened to mention bugs. I obtained permission to visit him at home, where he has a rather complete laboratory. We are now headed for it."

This was not an unusual way for Manfred and his companion, Vietorez, to spend an evening. Originally they had been three; but the third, Moissan, had retired to a small French village, where he dabbled in science and tried to recover his health. Originally they had called themselves "The Trio." With only two, their purpose and zeal had not changed; and "The Trio" was a name feared by criminals and police alike. They devoted themselves to meting out justice in cases with which the police could not or would not cope. "The

Trio" took over when police were baffled. They were hated and hunted by the Law, for the Law could not admit that it ever failed.

"You see," continued the voluble Manfred, "this Mr. Birn not only has pointed lobes; but from the general symmetry of his face and the fullness of his chin, I would say that there is a history of insanity on the maternal side of his family."

Vietorez smiled quietly. He was used to his companion's passion for detecting criminals through their physiognomy. He would reserve judgment until meeting the interesting Mr. Birn.

A half hour later they were ushered into a large brick house. Its master was built in much the same manner—solid and heavy. He excused his untidy appearance by saying that he had been working in the laboratory. To the observant visitors, he appeared untidy and excited. It was Vietorez who opened the conversation.

"Manfred here has told me that you are a very talented man, Mr. Birn. It must take as much energy as skill to operate your mail-order firm and still find time for your chemistry."

"Yes," added Manfred, "I believe you mentioned this morning that you were on the verge of a great discovery."

"What!" exclaimed Birn, passing his hand over his forehead. "I don't seem

to recall having mentioned anything like that. You see, I had intended to keep it a secret. I can tell you, though, that I completed my experimentation earlier this evening, and soon you will be reading my name in newspaper headlines." The man fairly quivered with excitement, although at first he had been disturbed about not remembering that he had mentioned his discovery in the morning. "I suppose," he continued, "that you would like to look at my laboratory. Come; I'll show you."

The three men proceeded from the bright parlor through a rather modest kitchen and a door leading into the back-yard. Beside the garage was a neat, well-built shack. Even from the outside it looked clean and efficient. The yard itself was bare concrete, with no trace of grass or garden.

The men passed through the low doorway and found themselves in an amateur scientist's paradise. Vast rows of bottles lined the white shelves, while on the further wall was a large cabinet filled with various types of delicate instruments. Victorez was immediately attracted to these precision tools, while the more suspicious Manfred examined the corners and seldom-used shelves of the room. Against the left wall was Birn's work table. On this were a rack of test tubes and a large box of earth. Manfred, remembering the concrete yard, was surprised to find this loam, and asked its purpose in a laboratory.

"I would prefer not to answer that question," said Birn. His eyes glistened with hatred whenever he looked at the box, and Manfred dropped the subject.

* * *

Later that evening, Victorez and Manfred were homeward bound.

"What do you think now of our versatile Mr. Birn?" the latter asked.

"For the manager of a mail-order company, he seems to have an amazing scientific knowledge," answered Victorez.

"Well,"—Manfred spoke carefully—"I believe Mr. Birn was correct when he said that his name would soon appear in newspaper headlines. By the way, do not wait up tonight, as I shall not be in until early morning."

Victorez made no comment, and the men walked on in silence. . . .

Later that night, a lone figure swiftly climbed over a small fence enclosing a concrete yard. Noiselessly he glided toward a shack at the opposite end, and, in a manner which denoted long familiarity with padlocks, forced his way into the small building. The white walls were dimly visible. Silently he selected two bottles from a shelf, and, drawing another bottle from the pocket of his greateat, he carefully but confidently mixed the contents of all three. After returning the two bottles to their usual positions, he held the bottle containing the mixture close to his ear. In the deathly silence he could hear it fuming. Apparently satisfied, he seized another bottle from the shelf, stepped into a dark corner near the door, and calmly threw the bottle through a small window. The shattering of the glass sent a loud noise reverberating through the night; and, as might be expected, footsteps were soon heard approaching from the house. The door opened. A large man entered and fumbled for the light switch. The hidden person raised his arm; and in one



swift motion smashed the bottle at the newcomer's feet. Calmly he stepped out the door and waited. Inside, clouds of gas rapidly arose from the broken bottle; and before even uttering a cry, the big man crumpled to the floor. His heart had stopped before he landed. Silently, the mysterious figure glided across the yard, scaled the low wall, and disappeared into the night.

* * *

At exactly 8:30 a.m., Victorez awoke. Throwing a bathrobe over his shoulders, he went to the door of the apartment and fetched the morning paper. On page one was an item which instantly caught his eye:

NOTED BUSINESS MAN DIES

A. J. Birn, manager of the Chesterton Company, noted mail-order firm, was found dead in his laboratory early this morning by neighbors, who were attracted by the sound of shattering glass. It is believed that he dropped a bottle containing some poison gas. He threw another bottle through the window to drive out the poison, but apparently succumbed before . . .

Victorez read no further. If he was surprised, he showed no outward signs and calmly waited for Manfred to rise and explain.

"You see," said Manfred, as they walked to a cafeteria for breakfast, "I suspected Birn for many reasons. With the shape of his ears and his abnormal revulsion when I mentioned bugs, you are already familiar. When we arrived at his home, I tried to trick him. Birn was intelligent and realized that his violent hatred of insects might point to actual madness. He knew that loss of memory is a sign that one is losing his mind. That is why he was so disturbed at not being able to remember parts of the conversation we had held that morning. Actually, I was faking when I asked him about the important discovery he



had made. The ruse worked."

"And when you observed his uneasiness, you knew that something was amiss," Victorez supplemented.

"Exactly. Do you remember the box of loam, about which Mr. Birn was so unwilling to speak? It could not have been procured without a great deal of trouble, since there is no earth in his concrete yard. While Birn was showing you some of his instruments, I was poking around in his loam. It contained earthworms—plain, ordinary insects. As a result of his violent hatred of bugs, Birn had sought and finally discovered a compound which would kill every insect on the globe. On his desk were some notes which confirmed this. Through his mail-order business, Birn planned to send samples, disguised as fertilizer, to farmers all over America. For this he had to die."

"But," interrupted Victorez, "why was it necessary to take a human life merely to save some insects? The Trio is dedicated to the extermination of criminals, not crackpots."

"The life of Mr. Birn was worth far less than the life of even the common earthworm," explained Manfred. "If the earthworm were destroyed, this planet would become sterile, and all humanity would be starving within seven years. That worm is a most necessary creature in God's world. It fertilizes the land and covers the barren rocks with earth. Birn and his fiendish discovery had to be destroyed."

ISOLATION

It is spring. One of the lesser known school functions which this season brings is the arrangement of next year's Senior Class.

The majority of this year's Class II will pass to Seniority. Unfortunately, not all of these future first classmen will find themselves assembled in third-floor homerooms. Approximately thirty-five will be segregated in a distant second-floor room on the opposite side of the building. They are completely isolated from their classmates, and soon develop an isolationist point of view toward school events and activities. Through no fault of their own, they are outcasts. Their more fortunate brethren speak contemptuously of "rumors about another Class I room somewhere on the second floor." They hear nothing of class elections until an adamant treasurer discovers their presence in his search for class dues. After this brief period of prominence, they are again forgotten while events are planned and committees drawn up.

Of course, there are a few advantages for the lone thirty-five. Their homeroom, with its view of Simmons, is in a more desirable location. They are away from the noise and squabbles of the rest of the class and are occasionally able to concentrate on their studies. Also, as a result of their isolation, they form close and lasting friendships among themselves.

However, the basic issue is not the relative merits of the two groups; rather, it is why the class should be split at all. The segregated minority does not have B. O.; they are neither demented nor difficult to get along with. There is no reason for treating them like poor relations. If the class is to remain as a unit in future years, let it comprise a single unit during undergraduate days. Let it sink or swim in one group.

DIG IN!

This spring, more than any other year, our Government asks for the help of every American family. President Roosevelt, in a recent address, told the American people to "tighten their belts" in future months. The reason for this suggestion is that huge quantities of food supplies will have to be sent to Europe to feed the starving nations and the armies of occupation. Until the devastated Ukrainian wheat fields are resown, American will have to be the "breadbasket" of the world.

What is this help that our Government asks for? Yes, you've guessed it already: A Victory Garden. But, wait! This year, let's call it a "peace" garden. Last year's response to our government's call for aid was tremendous throughout the country. Americans raised enough fresh vegetables in their small plots of land to feed their own families and even to can some goods for the severe winter days ahead. This year, Uncle Sam wants everybody "to put his shoulder to the wheel" and to produce more vegetables than ever before.

Let's hunt up that old spade and rake and prepare for a little sunshine in the backyard. Remember that, by planting your own "peace" garden, a starving boy or girl in Europe may soon be eating his first fresh vegetables in two or three years.

DO YOUR PART

Have you ever asked yourself this question: "Am I doing everything in my power to help bring a sudden end to the war?" Does your conscience bother you when you see the growing casualty lists in the daily newspapers? "What can I do to help? I'm too young to fight. I buy War Stamps every week in school; I save scrap paper and tin cans? What more can I do?"

So many things happen to us every day that we could fill pages of humorous little incidents to give a serviceman a chuckle. Won't you feel proud to know that your letter helps give an American soldier the fighting spirit which makes him the finest soldier in the world? Sit down tonight and use those spare minutes to write a letter to a G.I. in Texas, in Saipan, or in Germany.

THIS IS JUST FOR YOU

"Someday I'm going to sit down and write a story . . . when I get a chance . . . I know I can do it . . ."

You have spoken these words at one time or another. Everyone has. What a wealth of varied, absorbing material would be discovered if each student in the school settled down to write "that story of his." Plots, incidents, styles from a thousand varied walks of life! Here is your chance . . .

The *Register* is sponsoring a short story contest. You are eligible to submit your work if: (1) you are a Latin School student, but not a Senior; (2) you are not a member of the *Register* staff; (3) you submit your manuscript to Room 235 no later than May.

The winning short story will be the Feature Story of the Summer Issue of the *Register*, illustrated appropriately by staff artists. It must be no longer than 2000 words. It may be either typewritten or legibly handwritten in ink, *on one side of the paper only*. ALL manuscripts will be judged on literary merit, originality, subject material, etc. You will be in competition with hundreds of students in the school. Here is your chance to establish yourself as a "top" writer, to see your leading story in print, to win, at your discretion, a place on the *Register* staff. A dozen doors are open.

The winner will be awarded one year's free subscription to the *Register*.

THANK YOU!

THE REGISTER, now that the last subscription has been paid, wishes to thank the entire student body for their cooperation in one of the greatest circulation campaigns that our magazine has ever had.

However, do not get the idea that this is the last issue! There is still one more, plus the Year Book, both of which you do not pay for.

The staff hopes that everyone has enjoyed THE REGISTER throughout the year and that it will have even a larger subscription next year.

SIR MCGAWAIN AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE TABLE SQUARE

RICHARD TREANOR, '49

"For ye shall suffer great misfortune, and ye shall be wrongly undone." Thus spake O'Merlin unto Sir McGawain.

And McGawain said unto him, "O, thou sorcerer, for what am I to be undone?"

But O'Merlin answered not.

And the following period was Latin, and Sir McGawain hurried into the line of battle, bringing with him Omnifactu, his unconquerable gyp-sheet. For on that day was to happen a Latin test, to bring doom to all who had not prepared a trusty gyp-sheet.

And the paper was passed out, and the battle began.

And McGawain said unto Sir O'Balan, a noble friend, "What meaneth the second answer? Forsooth, Omnifactu hath failed me!"

But O'Balan said unto him, "Alas, we are doomed. I knoweth not!"

And the master, seeing them conversing, said quietly, "Sir O'Balan and Sir McGawain, is it true that ye have been conversing? For be it so, ye shall receive five marks apiece."

And all wondered.

Finally, Sir McGawain said unto him: "Thou mistaketh."

But the master answered: "Give me no denials vain."

And Sir O'Balan said unto McGawain: "It is true. There is no hope."

And McGawain said sadly, for he was sore wounded; "Ah, 'tis true, there is no hope. For it is the word of O'Merlin."

Then the word was written, and all was lost, for the master had seen Omnifactu and had taken it. And Sir McGawain was sore betroubled, and thought up a plan of vengeance. And thus the remainder of the period was passed. Then, in truth, the bell rang; and all the

knights left the line of battle.

And so it happened that the next period was homeroom, and all the knights of the Table Square retired to annoint their wounds.

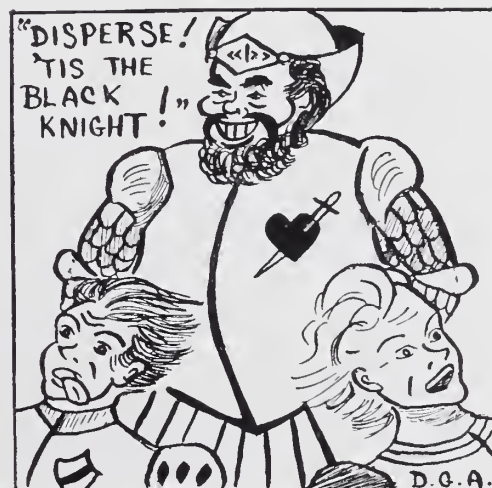
Then Sir McGawain remarked unto O'Balan: "Let us skip the coming period and begin the quest for Omnifactu; for my conscience acheth sorely."

And Sir O'Balan said: "'Tis a wise idea, but 'tis wise also to seek the advice of O'Merlin."

And thus they made ready to depart. And when the time came, they left. But in truth they were quickly recalled by the Home-Room Master. And he said unto them: "Wherefore are ye going?"

And O'Balan, when he heard this query, thought all was lost, and began to give himself up. But McGawain whispered unto him with direct haste: "Silence, traitor; wouldst thou betray us?" And straightforth McGawain spake out boldly unto the master: "Noble Sir, we but go to the library." And the master, who had sinned prodigiously during his life, said, "Go."

And Sir McGawain and Sir O'Balan departed, and were glad; for the first



part of their quest was over. And they proceeded to the room of the Latin Master. And being half-way there, McGawain said unto O'Balan: "Look straight ahead. 'Tis the Black Knight!"

And O'Balan replied: "Who is the Black Knight? I know him not."

And McGawain answered warily: "'Tis the Lunchroom Marshal."

Straightforth they both retreated and proceeded to the room of the Latin Master by an indirect way. And while they were thus engaged, Sir O'Balan said cautiously: "'Tis an evil omen: I like it not."

But Sir McGawain said unto him: "Come, Sir Knight, be of good cheer. Let us drink from yonder fountain."

And they proceeded.

But approaching the fountain from the opposite direction was the Black Knight. And the two harried knights saw him . . . too late. For the Black Knight came upon them and conquered them. And he said unto them: "Yield ye?"

"I yield me," saith O'Balan.

But Sir McGawain would not yield. Then the anger of the Black Knight arose, and he flourished his sword.

But McGawain cried out, "I yield me."

And the Black Knight said, "Amen. Thou shalt be confined to the Lunchroom for today."

Then Sir O'Balan cried out beseechingly: "Have mercy, O Knight."

But mercy there was none. And

straightforth the two knights proceeded to their homeroom, shamed and weaponless. And the time passed, and the Lunchroom Period began. And Sir McGawain was minded to skip, but Sir O'Balan said unto him, "We have yielded, and go we must, with the true honor and glory of a Knight of the Table Square." And Sir McGawain was put to shame by the wise words of his companion knight.

And they proceeded to the Lunchroom to begin their enslavement. And in truth they slaved for most of the period.

Finally, O'Balan said weakly: "I grow weary."

And Sir McGawain said unto him: "Be of good cheer, for there be only a few minutes left."

And then it was that they were emptying the rubbish barrels. O'Balan was near fainting, for the barrels were heavy.

And McGawain said suddenly unto O'Balan: "Look, O Knight, in this rubbish barrel! Forsooth, here is Omnifaetu!" And they looked and were glad. And they finished their task with lightened hearts, for Sir McGawain had Omnifaetu once more in his possession.

Finally, the Lunchroom Period was done, and the two knights returned to their Homerooms. There they feasted and made merry, for their scullion service was over.

And thus endeth the adventure of Sir McGawain and the Knights of the Table Square.

CONVERSATION

Said the turtle to the dove,
As they flew high above,
On a morning in May,
"You may find it hard
To believe what I say:
You may think it absurd,
But on my word as a bird,
They fined me for speeding today."

HARLAN B. HAMILTON, '46

HARRY

H. SMITH, '45

Harry was no pusillanimous white-collar worker. Even though he did spend his days in an uneventful business-office as an accountant, his evenings and week-ends, he told me, were as exciting as a bull-fight in Madrid. Every day at noon-hour he would hold me spell-bound with the account of a brawl in which he had been engaged the night before, or of his participation in a boat-race, or of his reckless experiences with some siren in his youth.

Harry was a virile fellow: when he shook your hand, your eyes bulged out of their sockets. His laugh was loud, boisterous, full of mirth, and very contagious. He had an Ihabod Crane build: tall and lanky, with big bones but a narrow frame. "What a physique!" I used to think, as I sat at my desk envying my fellow-worker.

It was my custom to spend most of my week-ends strolling in the suburbs. Late one Sunday afternoon I was ambling through a quiet section altogether unknown to me. The houses, humble and unimposing, were built close to the sidewalk, so that a curious passer-by might easily look into the owner's living-room. Since I was unknown in that neighborhood and as it was already dark enough outside to prevent my being seen, I freely exercised my curiosity and looked into the first lighted room I passed.

A very old lady sat in an invalid's chair, a red knitted shawl almost covering her, save for her tiny face, which was framed by snow-white locks. She was as little as could be, swaddled in a mountain of pillows and yards of blankets. On a cushion at her feet lay an old poodle, fast asleep. Over an old-fashioned marble mantelpiece hung a tintype of a young couple, and under it flickered a mourning candle. How touching, thought I; probably some only

daughter gave up her own life's happiness to care for this beloved parent in her old age. I expected to see the devoted child enter at any moment. Nor was I mistaken. Presently, Harry himself entered!

I felt I was about to uncover a mystery. Harry was bringing a cup of broth to this old lady.

"I am sure you will like it this evening," he said. "I made it extra-special."

"Thank you, son."

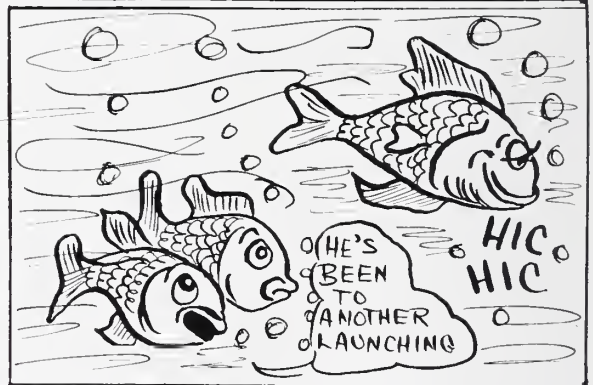
A few moments of silence passed. "Did you take Tinky out?"

"Yes, Momma dear. When I went to market."

Then this giant, this superman, took up a book and began to read to his mother. But my observing was suddenly halted by the approach of someone. "He-man Harry!" I mused, as I passed along.

The next day at our lunch hour, Harry told me about the bear he had shot on his hunting trip during his last trip north. "Never a dull moment for you, Harry!" I said.





WHO BELONGS TO THESE EYES? EACH SET BELONGS TO A WELL-KNOWN PERSONAGE. DO YOU KNOW THEM?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 24

THE CLUE IS SOMEWHERE IN THE CAPTIONS. WHAT THING DO THESE FOUR HAVE IN COMMON?



NAPOLEON
NO ONE KNOWS WHETHER HE TUCKED HIS LEFT OR RIGHT ARM IN HIS COAT



SIMON LAKE
INVENTOR OF THE SUBMARINE BORN IN NEW JERSEY, EDUCATED IN PHILADELPHIA

LA GUARDIA
MAYOR OF N.Y. OPPOSED THE GOVERNMENT WITH HIS CURFEW REBELLION



GEORGE WASHINGTON
FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY, HID HIS RED HAIR UNDERNEATH A WIG...



GREER GARSON
MOVIE STAR, WON AN OSCAR FOR ACTING



JOHN PAUL JONES
FATHER OF THE U.S. NAVY; BURIED IN FRANCE



HELEN TRAUBEL
PLUMPTON SOPRANO OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA, FROGGS ON DIETING



ANDREW CARNEGIE
SAWED-OFF SCOT, BUILT GIGANTIC MILLS IN HIS HORATIO ALGER RISE

PHARAOH'S Tomb

by Deane George-Adis

*A Drama of Ancient Egypt
Presented in Three Acts*
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Pharaoh Cheops	Royal Herald
Ptah-Hotstep	Servants
Jacob	Workmen

Time: 3000 B. C.

Place: Egypt

Remarks: Required by C.E.E.B. and
REGISTER deadline

ACT I

Scene I.—GIZEH. [*The torrid sun in the vast, blue, cloudless sky blisters the orange paint of the girders and the dark skin of the workers of the construction settled uncomfortably in nest of burning sand.*]

Enter Royal Herald, holding papyrus scroll.

Herald. All workers of Royal Egypt, attention! Pray lend me your ears, faithful men of the Workers' Pyramid Association. [*A clatter of hammers, chisels, picks, and drills as the workers sit on steel frames of the monument.*]

Your boss, King Cheops, descendant of Ra, and most noble priest of the Temple of Amon, arrives this noon on the 2:15 special to witness your progress on his monument. [*Exit Herald.*]

First Worker. What ho! the King?

Second Worker. Forsooth and gad-zooks, but an opportune time, I trow, to ask our boss for a raise of two-bits.
SCENE II.—Afternoon in the construc-

tion camp. [*Pharaoh Cheops arrives, born in a golden palanquin by four Nubian slaves.*]

Cheops. My tomb! What a masterpiece of our art! I must commend my men for their excellent work, and raise their wages. Step on it, Jacob; make haste.

Jacob. Yassuh, boss.

[*The chair deposited, the Pharaoh stands on a section of the framework of the pyramid.*]

Cheops. My boys! Nicc work! I am going to pay each of you five bucks extra in Egyptian War Bonds, to help fight Babylon!

Workers. Hurray! Amon save the king. We are satisfied with our bonuses.

ACT II

SCENE I—*On the way back to the palace.*

Cheops. Jacob, halt. Here comes the High Priest . . . and in his new vehicle. . . . Yes, it looks like a twelve-cylinder Sand flea!

High Priest. Hi, King! What do you think of my new Sandy? It's a 3000 B.C. model. Classy, huh?

Cheops. Mighty nifty, Ptah-Hotstep. But you forgot to take off the price tag, \$1875, which hangs from yon shiny bumper.

High Priest. So I did. But listen, Cheepy. How about coming to my palace for supper? We've got pork

chops. Besides, I'll entertain you.

Cheops. Very well.

High Priest. Swell. Hop into the rumble seat, and we'll be off in a shake of a camel's tail for Thebes.

SCENE II—*On the way to Thebes.*

Hotstep (to himself). Hmmm. For a long time have I awaited this chance. Why should he have a large pyramid-tomb for himself, while I am obliged to be content with a measly two-by-four mastaba? My men are already set for a revolution; but if I poison him at my palace tonight, there will be no need for a revolt. It can be done as neatly and quietly as that. Either way, I'll be King! [*Vehiele stops for gasoline at Joe's Desert Garage.*]

ACT III

SCENE I—*The Palace of the High Priest at Thebes.*

[*Oriental music wafts sweetly through the great dining-hall.*]

Hotstep. It will be an excellent supper, Cheops. We have steak . . . er . . . not that it was secured from a *Black Marketplace*, but the O.P.A. does not require points from you, O Mighty Majesty.

[*Enter servants. Poisoned steak placed before Cheops.*]

Hotstep (Aside). Hah! See how Cheops cuts the poisoned steak. Now he raises it to his big mouth. And now—Zounds! The fool beside him has bumped Cheops' elbow. The precious steak lies now upon the floor. Bah! [*To a servant, softly.* Poison his next dinner-course. [*Next course arrives.*]

Hotstep (Aside). Hah! See how Cheops digs his spoon into the ice-cream. Now he raises it to his mouth. And now——Egad! He has dropped the entire plate to the floor. What? The palace cat! Scratched his leg! [*To a servant, hoarsely.*] Poison his drink! [*Drinks arrive.*]

Hotstep (Aside). Hah! See how

Cheops eagerly eyes the flagons of liquor . . . especially the Schenley's! Hah!

Cheops (as servant offers Schenley's). No, thanks. I'll drink wine tonight.

Hotstep (infuriated, gnashing his teeth.) By the bald head of Amon! I will have no more of this! (*Rises and whips out a revolver from under his tunic.*) All right, King! You've had some good luck, but I'm going to put an end to it now! (*Grins evilly.*)

[*Cheops rises, calmly, takes a whistle from his pocket.*]

Cheops (Raising it to his lips). Tweet, tweet!

[*Hotstep glares at him, in surprise. A cannon shot echoes through the dining-hall.*]

Cheops. My troops are outside. They have surrounded your palace. They will be here for you as soon as they have rounded-up your cohorts.

Hotstep. All right; you have me. But tell me, how did you do it? Why?

Cheops (complacently). You see, I've been suspicious of you for a long time. I've been taking Dick Tracy lessons on "How to Be a Detective." And they seem to have worked!

[*G-Men enter the room and slap handcuffs on Ptah-Hotstep.*]

Cheops (stepping forward and pulling off Ptah-Hotstep's head-dress). Your career is at an end, *Ptah-Flat-Top!* At last I have caught you red-handed and flat-headed.

Hotstep. May the curse of the Hotstep family be on your head, Cheops. My brother, Ptah-Hotfoot shall avenge me!

Cheops. Avaunt, Hotstep! Your threats don't flicker even an eyelash. You're off to the Memphis City Penitentiary, overlooking the Nile. Crime does not pay. Honesty is the best policy! [Curtain

SABOTAGE

CLIFFORD G. VERNICK, '46

An American newsman looked across the city from his window in the Hotel Beaclair. Bright lights twinkled. Paris, city of mystery and adventure, still had time to be carefree; for the Nazis had not launched their attack. "Steve" Brandon, however, was not gay. The crumpled cablegram, from New York, read:

Steve: Must have story on recent acts of sabotage—*stop*—see what you can do—*stop*—cannot understand your failure to get same—*stop*.

B. J. Hickerson

Steve dropped his massive frame into a chair and stared at the ceiling. For the first time Steve was stumped. Thousands of dollars' worth of material and many lives had been lost; this very day a shipyard. Just one clue was left by the saboteurs, a deliberate one, which gave no hint. Each time the saboteurs had left a large sign in red ink, a fraction. At the first disaster appeared the number "one-seventh," at the second, "two-sevenths," and so on, until now they had reached "six-sevenths." This could mean only one thing: that there was yet one war plant or factory to be destroyed, but which one? Over thirty of these places were in and about the city.

Getting up, Steve went into the next room and awoke his sidekick, a French newspaper reporter.

"Jean, get up! C'mon; we've got work to do."

"Uh . . . ugh . . . Whatsamatter? . . . Oh, Steve; okay!"

Together, the two men made their way downstairs to the lobby of the hotel, and then outside into the warm summer air.

"Steve, where are we going at this time of the day?"

"Out to the shipyard."

"Now?"

"If I want a job, the sooner, the better."

Reaching a small coupe, they got in and headed towards the ruined shipyard. A short time later they pulled up before the gate. Steve showed his identification card to the guard, and they entered. Getting out of the car, they separated, looking into the twisted, smouldering steel. Finally, darkness having set in, they made their way back to the car. The hull of a ship, which was being



launched when the fire broke out, now lay on its side, half-submerged. Steve was about to step into the coupe, when his foot got caught in something. They bent down and found two small copper wires, running parallel over Steve's shoe. Quickly, after Steve pulled out his foot, Jean and he followed the wires. They led to a sewer.

"Jean, run back to the car and get a flashlight."

The flashlight having been brought, the two lifted the cover, a large one, and peered down into the murky darkness.

"Plenty of sewer rats down there, I bet!" said Jean, shrinking at the thought of them.

"Hold that flashlight down here, Jean; I am going down."

Descending slowly on a decaying ladder, Steve came to the bottom. There, only a few feet away, lay a dynamite-plunger. Disconnecting the wires, he grasped the box, and carefully made his way up.

"Well, Jean, it looks as if there'll never be a 'seven-sevenths'."

"What do you mean?"

"I think I know how these saboteurs have been operating."

"You do!" said Jean with excitement. "How?"

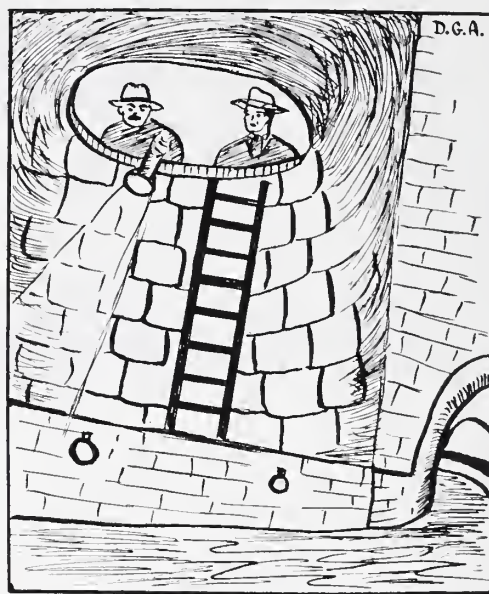
"Through the sewers of Paris."

"Through the sewers of Paris!" The words rang like fire in Jean's ears. So that was the way! Through the labyrinth of tunnels, infested with slime, filth, and rats, the saboteurs had cleverly come from nowhere to destroy and kill.

However, Steve's voice interrupted his thoughts:

"We've got to get back to town as soon as possible; c'mon!!"

Ten minutes later, the car, with screeching brakes, pulled up before a large building, that housed the military and civil leaders of France. Brushing past the guard, they rushed into the office of General Salront. Having heard



Steve's story, he called his aides and made plans, so that . . .

Everything appeared normal at the Charlamont war plant, a few days later, the only one left in Paris which could be reached underground through the sewers. However, beneath the feet of the laborers, all was not as usual. Pressed up against the slimy, damp walls of every sewer leading into the war plant, not daring to make a sound, stood more than two hundred soldiers, watching and waiting.

Finally, they came, paddling softly through the filthy, rat-filled waters, carrying the dynamite and plunger. Slowly the soldiers closed in behind them. Then, suddenly, they realized that they were surrounded, and forgetting the dynamite, tried to escape, but were too late.

The next day the streets of New York rang with the news:

"Extry! Extry! Read all about it! American correspondent solves French sabotage mystery! Extry! Extry!"

Back in Paris, Steve was again watching the bright lights:

"Boy, I'm glad that job is over; eh, Jean?"

"Zzzzzzzzz."

COLD WINTER, ADIEU

HARLAN B. HAMILTON, '46

I felt the scent of new-blown air;
I watched fresh life spring into grass;
I saw a form so tall and fair,
A lovely maid beyond compare,
Spring; ah, Spring! I saw her pass.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DID

By LAWRENCE J. KAPLAN

"Stop!" said Herr Hitler to his little band;
"Your stupid pessimism is getting out of hand.
I'll hear no more of bombs or planes
And of this country's hurts and pains.
I'm through with war, and that's no lie;
But my time has not yet come to die.
I'm headed for my well-earned rest,
Where I'll have nothing but the best;
And there, you'll have to come for me,
And, I say, that day you'll never see."

Herr Goebbels stared at him amazed.
Was this the Adolph their purge had raised?
Was this the one whose fiery breath
Had sentenced half the world to death?
Was this the one at whose finger raised
Great cities had crumbled, fallen, and blazed.
How could this little runt be he
Who had always laughed with ghoulish glee
When some new destruction had been reported
And other indignities assorted.

Herr Goering and the rest stood back,
And gathered the clan like wolves in a pack.
As one, they closed in on the meek little fuehrer,
And soon he was gone with not even a murmur.
And if in the papers this week you read
Of the passing of one who no longer can lead,
Just think how much your bonds and stamps
Have helped give Hitler fatal cramps;
Then think again of those who are left,
And I'm sure you'll pay to bump off the rest.

OUR LORDS AND MASTERS



MR. MCGUFFIN teaches French, arithmetic, and history in 333. Attended Public School No. 11, MacGilvary Township, Ontario . . . Graduated from Lynn Classical . . . Received B.A. from B. U., '20 . . . Instructor in English at Lebanon Boys' School, Souk-el-Gharb, Syria, 1921-'24 . . . Returned to U. S., received M.A. at B. U., '25, Ed.M. from Harvard, '26 . . . Director of Foyer de Garçons, North Africa, 1927-28 . . . Only B.L.S. man to be unofficial chaplain of the French Foreign Legion . . . Appointed to B.L.S. September, 1929 . . . Hobbies: amateur cabinet-making, research in French colonial literature, writing sonnets . . . Teaches French and English at N.U. . . . Member, Newton Post American Legion, Harvard Chapter Phi Delta Kappa, American Association Teachers of French . . . Publications: "Primer of Rhetoric," "Lines from a Distant Land," and "Waltham Book of Citizenship" . . . Married: Three daughters. Maxim: You can always tell a Class I boy, but you can't tell him much.

MR. NEMZOFF teaches history in Room 223 . . . Graduated from B.L.S. in 1921 . . . Received A.B., '25, Ed.M., '27, from Harvard . . . Did post-graduate work at University of Southern California . . . Engaged in social service . . . Went promptly into teaching, first serving at Dorchester High School and coming to B.L.S. in 1929 . . . Has traveled throughout the United States and Europe . . . For hobbies, his chief pleasures are in travel and reading . . . Advice to students: "Give it your best."



MR. WEINERT teaches German and mathematics in 216 . . . Awarded Ph.B. by University of Chicago High School, '15 . . . Received M.A. from Brown, '16 . . . Did post-graduate work at Universities of Illinois and Indiana . . . Has travelled extensively throughout Europe and the United States . . . Served three years in U. S. Cavalry Service in Cuba . . . His three sons, all B.L.S. graduates, are in the Armed Forces; one, in the Intelligence Division in Germany; one, with the Air Force in British Guiana; and one, in the U. S. Navy . . . He believes that "the American boy is, under all circumstances, the luckiest boy in the world, and he is indebted to his country for his good fortune."

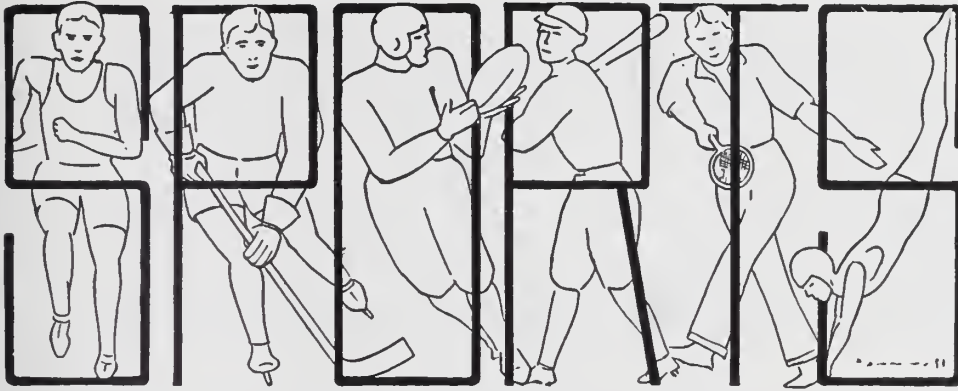


IT DID HAPPEN HERE

DEANE GEORGE-ADIS, '45

- 1635—Latin School was founded on the 13th of the second month, according to the Julian calendar. When transposed to the Gregorian calendar, it is April 23 . . . Class Day is celebrated as close as possible to this date . . . Mr. Philemon Pormort becomes the first Headmaster.
- 1640—Complaints of teachers against pupils are "tardiness, unpreparedness, playing 'hookey', fooling in class, whispering, firing a pistol, cheating, laziness, shooting with pop-guns, gambling, and using bad language."
- Tsk. Tsk. What rascals *they were!*
- 1645—Military training introduced when court ordered all pupils between ten and sixteen years of age instructed in "ye exercise of armes, as small guns, half pikes, bowes & arrows."
- 1774—General Haldimand breaks up Latin School boys' sled-slide on Common.
- 1776—One-ninth of signers of Declaration of Independence prove to be Latin School graduates.
- 1798—Charles Bulfinch, famous architect and alumnus of B.L.S., designs State House.
- 1814—Bulfinch called by Munroe to design and supervise the construction of the new Capitol building after the British burned Washington.
- 1820—Benjamin Gould introduces misdemeanor marks, declamations, and report-cards-to-be-signed-by-parents.
- 1829—Latin School "Literary Journal" published, first high school paper in the country . . . most important requirement of manuscripts submitted is that they should be "short and sweet."
- 1840—Boys at Bedford Street school-house warned against playing demoralizing games of marbles and pitch-penny.
- 1845—A gem of wisdom from the "Bedford Street Budget," our later publication: "The earth covers physicians' faults, and money rich men's."
- 1864—Edward Everett, orator and statesman, one of Latin School's most distinguished alumni companion-orator of Lincoln at Gettysburg . . . Military Drill, as we know it today, introduced with the annual exhibition first held on historic Boston Common.
- 1878—Our sister school G.L.S. founded, 243 years after the birth of B.L.S.
- 1882—The *Register* publishes translations of Books I-VI of "Aeneid."
- 1889—B.L.S. Athletic Association founded. Among track events of the nineties were rope-climbing, fence-vaulting, and high-kicking . . . There was also a sword contest for officers (Prize drill must have been decided by process of elimination).
- 1900—Yearbook had fourteen pages. (Ed. Note: "Liber Actorum" of 1944 had 128 pages.)
- 1903—A great athletic year: Latin won every football game. But the big event was a ping pong tournament in which most of the boys competed.
- 1908—Candidates needed for the Mandolin Club told that any one able to play mandolin, guitar, or banjo eligible, so long as his playing sounds like music.
- 1910—Passing mark raised from un-earthly forty-five to fifty.
- 1913—Latin School falls victim to new-fangled inventions: Several rooms equipped with electric lights.
- 1915—A room known as "Botany Bay" instituted for boys who, after three

- either morons, goons, or drips. This month in the school, found to be prize group always given to the newest additions of the faculty, and Mr. Levine, on his first assignment, was appointed to "tame" Botany Bay.
- 1917—Mr. Weners is editor of the *Register*.
- 1918—School Committee buys site formerly a dump (no remarks, please) on Avenue Louis Pasteur, for present building, opposite High School of Commerce.
- 1920—Mr. Callanan is editor of the *Register*.
- 1928—Waterman, the undertaker, advertises in the *Register* that good service is guaranteed to Latin boys . . . Yippee! The squirts are gone! The Sixth Class, 269 tyros, have been led away to the S. J. Baker School on Perrin Street . . . Happy year: Approbation cards banned.
- 1929—Sad year: — Approbation cards come back.
- 1930—Class VI still kept away, now in the Commerce building.
- 1931—The R.R.R. column begins in the *Register*.
- 1933—Whole school incorporated under one roof . . . Teachers fighting depression by fountain pen service, charging one cent for each refill, on "Cash and Carry" plan.
- 1935—Bust of Colonel Penny in Drill Hall presented to school, in his honor, by the 26th Division, Massachusetts National Guard, on occasion of Colonel's retirement from that organization . . . The Tercentenary Pageant, one of Latin School's greatest dramatic successes, penned by Messrs. Callanan, Cleary, Collins, Dunn, Mahan, Marnell, and Russo.
- 1936—The *Register* scores when Eddie Cantor and President Roosevelt are interviewed.
- 1937—"Our Lords and Masters" column first appears, the brainchild of Jack Sullivan and Allan Seher, to succeed a column of informal chats with masters (without pictures) called "Masters Interviews or Headhunting."
- 1941—Major Bowes mentions B.L.S. and history on his program of Sept. 18.
- 1943—General Census Report: 64 pupils in 1790; 48 in 1793; 207 in 1820; 150 in 1830; 250 in 1860; 373 in 1875. 1040 in 1915; 2538 in 1936; 1905 in 1942; 1832 in 1943 . . .
- 1945—Unclassified tidbits on Alumni: Henry Lee Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, called "First Citizen of Boston" . . . Son of Grand Duke of Austria once attended B.L.S. . . . Well-known in the entertainment world: Howard Lindsay, actor and playwright from Boston, co-author of "Life With Father" and co-producer of "Arsenic and Old Lace" and other hits. . . . David Muzzey is author of Class I history text . . . Roy Larsen is publisher and president of "Life" (his own idea) and "Time." Oddities: We had a "Falstaff Openshaw" years ago in the person of a teacher named Sawney. It was his custom to give orders in rhyme, such as "If you'll be good, I'll thank you! If not, I'll spank you," or "If I see any boy catching flies, I'll whip him till he cries, and make the tears run out of his eyes" . . . There has been but one suggestion in the *Register* of washing the yellow curtains of the Assembly Hall . . . There are 52 acres to that apple farm of Mr. Wilbur's.
- * * * * *
- Pupil: Sir, I'm writing a book.
- Teacher: What's the name?
- Pupil: "Distress in the 'Wigwams', or 'The Torture Was In Tents.'"



Tennis Previews

Boasting such stars as "Matt" Branche and "Bert" Rodman, Latin's tennis team is prepared for its nine-match schedule. The strenuous pre-season practice period is now under way, and prospects look good for a highly successful year. Returning lettermen besides Branche and Rodman are "Dick" Sidman, number three man, and "Al" Strogoff. Other likely-looking candidates are "Bob" Woolf, basketball star, "Phil" Horrigan, and "Stan" Fox. Under Mr. Dolan's able guidance, the team hopes to capture the coveted State championship. In addition to the team victory, Branche and Rodman are excellent possibilities for the state individual crown. "Matt" has reached the finals in the tournament in both his Sophomore and Junior years.

The Schedule

May 3—Quincy
 May 7—Belmont
 May 14—Newton
 May 16—Brookline
 May 18—Mass. Interscholastic Tournament
 May 19—New England Interscholastics
 May 21—Huntington
 May 25—Winchester
 May 28—Roxbury Latin

BASEBALL

Latin Takes First

Opening their season one day ahead of the major leagues, Latin squeezed out a 5-4 victory over Brandeis Vocational. Trailing at the opening of the seventh inning, the team suddenly awoke and sent two runs across the plate in a rally which spelled doom for the determined foe. "Dave" Gilbert's fine pitching arm put the game on ice as he completely handcuffed the Brandeis batters.





Something of Interest.



May approaches, and with it, Prize Drill. The Boston Schools are almost the only one in the nation which have military training as part of the school course. The institution began at B.L.S. in 1645, but since this date of three centuries ago, innumerable intermissions and changes in its conduct have occurred. For example, let's look back on Prize Drill Day, 1915. . . .

The first company is ready to march onto the floor of Mechanics Hall. The cadets are wearing white pants, blue coats with brass buttons, and Civil War hats, which slant down over their eyes. The captain, proud but tense in front of his men, removes his sword from its scabbard, and raises it over his head, and then points it forward—the signal to march. For a while, the procedure is the same as today's, but eventually, individual squad movements take the place of full company maneuvers. The captain's voice booms through the huge hall. "Squads right—squads left—first squad forward march — second squad forward march—first squad to the rear march." Their precision and timing were fully as good as that of any present-day company.

In those days there was no Drum and Bugle Corps. Its place was filled by a Flute and Drum Corps, which performed during the intermission. The high-pitched flutes and rolling drums brought back memories of Washington's tiny Revolutionary army.

There was always a large audience at Prize Drill. It was composed mostly of relatives and girl friends of the cadets. When a company marched onto the floor, these girls would throw boxes of candy to their beaux. A man was assigned to gather up the refreshments and a small feast followed the marching.

Lest you forget, the Latin School Dramatics Club presents "The House Without a Key" next week. It is a Charley Chan murder mystery. The setting—Hawaii. Some of the characters—

Charlie Chan	Peter Hines
Harry	Sidney Myers
John	Thomas Coyne
Egan	Paul Sullivan

The murderer—it may be the person sitting next to you. For further details, turn to Page 35.



MacLeod Leading Band

THE DYING SOLDIER

The din of battle had long since passed,
His comrades had moved on; while some
Lay about him—dead, wounded, dying.
He, too, was dying, though he knew it not.
He lay, his body wracked with pain,
Until, at last, he cried to God
To take away his agony.

And then, as if in answer to his prayer,
The Lord caused scenes of earlier years
To pass before the dying soldier.

He saw the schoolroom of his youth;
The mistress—old, red-faced, and homely—
Who had slapped him when he,
In fit of playfulness, had inked the braids
Of her that was to mean so much to him
In later years.

The soldier smiled at boyish pranks.
So far from thought of war.
Another vision appeared to him,
Who felt no pain, and was lost in happy memories.

In later years, he and Ellen were running
Up the grassy slope of hill,
Overlooking their tiny village.
He saw her as she stood that day
Atop the hill, her golden tresses flying
In the wind.
Ellen, how sweet and pure;
Ellen, so beautiful and good.

On that selfsame day, had they vowed
Their love for one another—
He for her, and she for him.
“Ah, Ellen, dear Ellen, would that I were
With you now!”
So thought the dying soldier, and
His eyes were filled with tears
For the one he loved so well.

And still another vision appeared before
The dying soldier on the bloody field of battle.
He saw his parents, who had died
When he was but a youth.
In a room, before a blazing fire.
Lloyd, his father, in his high-backed chair—
Lines of care on his face; and yet
He seemed to smile.
Near him, sat his mother, her fingers
Flying to and fro, as she darned
Some bit of clothing for her son.

“Dear mother, dear father, would that I
Were with you now!”
So thought the dying soldier, and
His eyes were filled with tears
For the ones he loved so well.

And, ere the vision of his parent had departed,
The dying soldier
Lifted up his eyes toward Heaven
And saw, descending on a rainbow,
A host of angels in a radiant light.

His eyes were filled with tears
At so beautiful a sight,
And 'mid choruses of saintly song,
He was borne to the kingdom
Of One more powerful
Than any king on earth.

And, when at last his friends
Had come to give him aid,
They found that tears were in his eyes,
But on his lips was a lingering smile.

HARLAN B. HAMILTON, '46





REGISTRAR
PULSE
NORMAL

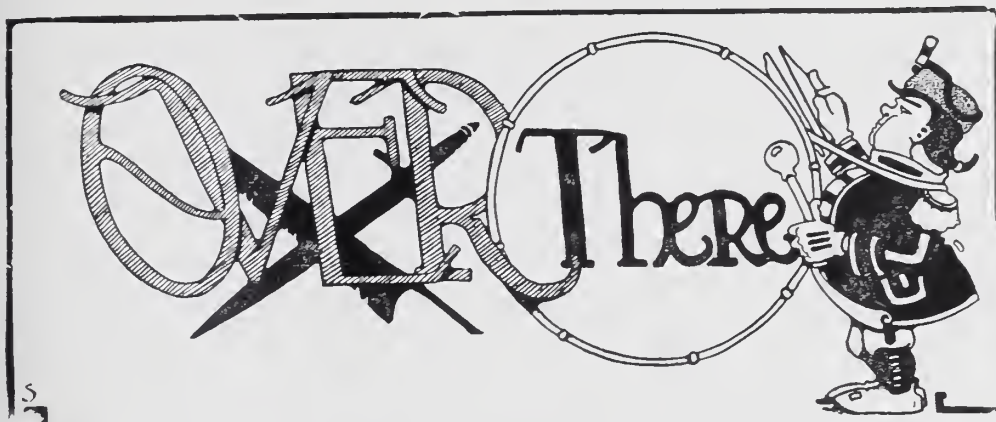
ALL THOSE
SCHOLARSHIPS WE WERE
TO GET :

HOW WE WERE
GOING TO SHOW
AUTHORITY IN
DRILL!

ALL THE 
LETTERS WE WOULD
MAKE — 

PULLER.

11/24



As victory and peace draw near, we are inclined to be forgetful of the blood and sweat which are necessary to restore peace to a weary war-torn world. But we must never forget the debt we owe boys who left the tranquility of normal life and plunged into chaos to preserve our way of living and thought. We of Latin School can be especially proud of the part our alumni have played in the struggle.

Among those who have sacrificed their lives for our country is Cpl. William F. Budka, Jr., who graduated from Latin School only last year in the class of '44. Upon graduating, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps and received his combat training at Westover Field. He was one of the nine men killed in a heavy bomber crash off Montauk Point, N. J., on March 10.

Sgt. Francis G. Wilson, Jr., has been reported missing in Europe. Graduating in '40, Wilson entered Tufts, where he was a pole vaulter and wrestler. Before entering the Army Air Forces in February, 1942, he was head of the homicide squad of the Boston Police Department. Wilson was reported missing while acting as a radio-gunner on a Flying Fortress.

Lt. George I. Connolly, Jr., '38, was wounded on February 18, while serving with the first army in Germany. He was a veteran of the African, Tunisian, and Sicilian campaigns.

Lt. Jack Bresnick, '38, has been awarded the Air Medal for meritorious achievement in the Pacific area.

1st Lt. William A. Silk, '41, Flying Fortress pilot and flight commander, has flown more than 30 bombing missions over Germany with the 8th Air Force. He has won the Air Medal with four Oak Leaf Clusters.

Maj. Edward L. Saxe, '33, has lately received mention in a story by a *Globe* war correspondent. Saxe has been overseas since October, 1942. After graduation from Harvard, he entered the army in October, 1941.

Cpl. Tom Fitzgerald, '29, is serving with the Engineers in Europe. Before entering the service, he was a writer in the Sports Department of the Boston *Globe* on school sports. Landing in Europe on D-Day, Fitzgerald was with the engineers who built one of the Rhine bridges. He writes home saying, "I hope future generations of Latin School boys won't have as much trouble reading about this bridge as I had with the one Caesar built over the same river."

Joseph "Specs" Kelley, '33, has been promoted to Captain in the Marine Corps. While at Holy Cross, he captained the baseball team which defeated the Braves. "Specs" joined the Marines in January '42, shortly after the Pearl Harbor attack. Spending 22 months in the South Seas on Guadalcanal and New Britain, he was stricken with malaria,

but recovered. He received his captaincy while stationed at Floyd Bennett Field. Before entering the service, he was on a Red Sox farm team.

A walking encyclopedia of facts about Italy these days is 1st Lieut. George W. Cashman, who, as head of the Information Division of the Public Relations Branch of the Allied Commission, has to be ready to answer hundreds of queries every day on everything from the basic elements of the Italian diet to the location of isolated hamlets on secondary mountain roads. Cashman, Class of '27, enlisted in the Army in March, 1942, and was commissioned in November of that year. He was sent to Italy in 1943. In his present duties he keeps track of all maps, documents, references, and working records which officers of the Allied Commission might need to carry out their operations in the rehabilitation of Italy.

Two '41 classmates of B.L.S. served together in the invasion and ensuing battle for Iwo Jima. Pvt. Peter F. Hand suffered arm wounds, but "Buddy" Daniel J. Alarno came through unscathed.

1st Lt. Sumner Rodman, '31, has been overseas for 17 months, and is now somewhere in France with the SHAEF.

Lt. Robert W. Rodman, '30, U. S. Coast Guard, veteran of twenty-five months' sea duty aboard an assault transport, participated in the invasion of Sicily, Italy, Normandy and Southern France, and also saw service in the Southwest Pacific.

At Eighth Air Force Bomber Station, England—Sergeant Sidney E. Barron, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Barron, of 72 Homestead Street, Boston, Mass., has been awarded the Air Medal for "meritorious achievement" during Eighth Air Force bombing attacks on German military and industrial installations.

The B-17 Flying Fortress tail gunner is a member of the 493rd Bomb. Group commanded by Colonel Robert B. Landry of New Orleans, La. The group is a unit of the Third Air Division, the division cited by the President for its historic England-African shuttle bombing of Messerschmitt plants at Regensburg, Germany.

Sgt. Barron, a 1942 graduate of the Boston Latin School, was a junior clerk for the Homestead Pharmacy before entering the AAF in August, 1943. He was trained in aerial gunnery at Tyndall Field, Fla., where he received his wings in August, 1944.

COGITATA INANIA

Little Bowl of gold fish. . . . God's creatures! Shimmering, gold-orange, sleek, and graceful. . . . How small your world is. Six inches of water, porcelain castle; a weed, some bread crumbs; day and night. . . . You move about in circles; once around the bowl, twice, three times around; then stop. Hours on end you hover motionless in the same spot, gills and mouth leisurely moving, looking so, oh, so pensive—Are you thinking? Do you just live—or do you care at all about life? What a mystery you are!

Ha! you poor fish. What do yesterdays and tomorrows mean to you! What sweet dreams have you, what fond hopes do you cherish? Care you how you were made, and why, or what fate lies before you? Tell me truly—do you worship an Omnipotent Goldfish in Whose image you were created? Much good your slimy gold god would do you, should I neglect to feed you a week! Am I insulting you? Do my slights about your soul impinge painfully on your ego? Shall I apologize? O blessed goldfish, whose world is so narrow that ambition

and disappointment cannot exist! Have you ever been jealous—jealous, say, of the neighbor's lucky goldfish who have twice as large a bowl to swim in and two sleepy snails to keep them company? Company? Say, do you ever get lonely? Having lived all your little life in an aquarium, you probably have no knowledge of God's other creatures; but if you had, I wonder whether you might not think of life in terms of the categories plants, animals, and *goldfish*.

I feel sorry for you, though, since your chilly, moist element precludes your en-

joying the beauties of sight and sound. The clearest musical note reaches your ears as a dull, wet thud; you can't distinguish a sunflower from a grey wall. Does this keep you from being happy? Or don't you pass your days peeping out of your bowl in search of that ephemeral, nebulous thing, happiness?

You are mute. Oh, how I would that you could answer my questions! Little fish, big mystery. Sit smugly there, then swim halfway around your bowl, stop, and gaze in the opposite direction. *Damn!* You make a fool of me—

H. SMITH, '45

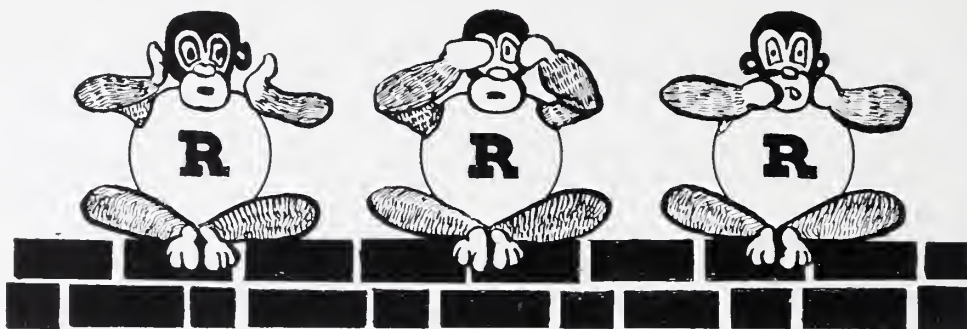
A LIFETIME

By PHILIP A. HARRIGAN

Safe in its bed, the lily lay still,
Thinking of the joyous days to come:
The bluejay, with his voice so shrill;
The myriad tulips, nodding as one;
A morning, warned by the sun's bright light;
A noon of joy for sparkling life; and a night
Sweetened with the cricket's loved song.

The bud was breaking; the blossom burst open,
Eager to drink in all Nature's gifts.
Here he beholds a bachelor's button
And an aster, whose curly locks he lifts
To greet the tiny lily slender
To this fabulous garden of splendor,
Where beauty reigns but soon decays.

Now the naïve sprout realizes sadly
That life and love no sooner starts
Than it must collapse and wither madly.
Never more may he hear the larks
Or feel the tingle of shiny dew
Upon his white and timid hue
After his lone summer has passed.



THE RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

March 5: Well, here we are again, my little apple—an', by the way, I call you apple only because of your seedy appearance. Oh, *no!!*

March 6: The bulletin today forbade selling raffle tickets. But, sir, how do you expect me to go to college?!!

March 7: Ye R.R.R. is informed that biology may be brought into the school next year. Well, I see you blood-thirsty boys are finally getting your chance!

March 8: Captain O'Brien of the Marines today held Classes I and II breathless, as he told them of his adventures in the southwest Pacific. What a man!!!

March 9: All contributions for the Class Will, Prophecy, etc., must be handed in very soon. Ya mean I gotta bequeath dis place somthin!!?

March 12: Poet's Nook:

Dark alley,
Banana peel,
Fat man,
Virginia Reel.

March 13: The Music Appreciation Club met today in Room 132. Prokofiev's Classical Symphony was played. That's ridiculous! I bet the guy himself couldn't even pronounce it.

March 14: Seniors, seeming sincerely studious, soon staggered seeing scholarly students stammering stupidly studying scholarship slips.

March 15: The Pre-Induction training course was today combined with a

meeting of the Highway Safety Club. Whatsamatta? Running short on members?

March 16: *Sad:* Why is a room full of married people always empty?

Sack: Because there's not a single one.

Aw, e'mon; eut it out!!

March 19: Classes I, II, and III were thrilled today by the Debating Club, whose subject was "Labor Since Pearl Harbor." Best speaker of the day: Dr. Marnell.

March 20: Velly solly, plise; but ye R.R.R., seeing the C.E.E.B.'s just around the corner, must study. But quiek!!

March 21: Your jabbering journalist was informed that the Dramatics Club will do a "Charlie Chan" sketch this year. Well, now, my boy, if you're looking for someone to play Charlie, your search has ended. Ha, ha, ha! Silly boy!!

March 22: Three cheers for Mr. Dunn!! The movies in the P.I.T.C. could actually be heard!

March 23: Ye R.R.R. was told that he had missed an informal debate with Girls' Latin High. "Informal"; heh, heh, heh!

March 26: Camera Club met at close of school in Room 312. A discussion on tricks and shortcuts in photography took place. They still haven't shown me how to take pictures through a keyhole.

March 27: Your raving reporter feels a hot breath on his neck, as the C.E.E.B.'s come closer. Closer, and CLOSER.

March 28: First baseball practice. Oh, well, ya can't tell; they haven't played a game yet.

March 29: Well, whadyaknow? Only half a day at school!! Yippee!!

April 2: Ye R.R.R. is slowly recovering from April Fool's jokes. The biggest joke of all was one master's surprise test. Ha, ha-Ugh!

April 3: Well, gee whiz! Your roving writer was informed today that he is excused from homelessons because of the good old C.E.E.B.'s! Verreey nice!

April 4: Bulletin announced that examinations for entrance to the Public Latin School will be held soon. Are ya tryin' ta tell me der's still guys wantin' ta get into dis place?!!

April 5: Run down.

April 6: Haven't even got time to say good-by. Gotta study; GOTTA STUDY!!!!

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